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QUEEN PHILIPPA,

From her Effigies in Westminster Abbey.

VOL. III.

OLD ENGLISH COSTUME.

"THE reign of Edward III.," observes the painstaking Mr. Planché, "is one of the most important eras in the History of Costume. The complete changes that take place in every habit, civil or military, render its effigies and illuminations more distinctly conspicuous than those perhaps of any other period, from the Conquest to the days of Elizabeth. The effigy of this great monarch, (on his tomb at Westminster), is remarkable for its noble simplicity. The number of the royal vestments does not exceed that of his predecessors, but their form is rather different. The dalmatica is lower in the neck and shorter in the sleeves than the under tunic, and the sleeves of the latter come lower than the wrist, and are decorated by a closely-set row of very small buttons, the continuation of a fashion of the reign of Edward I. His shoes or buskins are richly embroidered, and his hair and beard are patriarchal. He bears the remains of a sceptre in each hand; the crown has been removed or lost from the effigy."*

The selection of this costume by Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert, for themselves and the court, at the magnificent ball at Buckingham Palace, on Thursday last, was a choice as tasteful as it was judicious. The Prince, who was attired after the effigies of Edward—"decus Anglorum"—well became its grand and simple style: the broad band, which extended across the breast, and fastened the mantle to his shoulders, was a superb galaxy of gems. Her Majesty's costume was, if any thing, even more successful than that of her illustrious consort: it was copied from the alabaster effigies of Queen Philippa, at Westminster, the original of the accompanying Engraving; and it is scarcely possible to imagine any habit more graceful than this chaste and beautiful attire.

Nevertheless, it cannot be concealed, that since the royal choice became known, several mis-statements of the details of the costume of Queen Philippa have appeared in the journals of the day; and as these may mislead many readers, and at the same time mar the idea of the grandeur of the style of the attire itself, we have thought such errors worth correction, while it affords us the opportunity of illustrating the best age of our national costume. All semblance of this distinct fashion may have long since vanished; but its interest endures as a memorial of the taste of the middle ages, an era until lately but imperfectly understood by the general reader.

It was first stated, or rather mis-stated, that the unbecoming *steep head-dress* of Queen Philippa would be exchanged for a low crown of engraven gold; whereas, the objectionable part of costume, also called *fontanges*, belongs to a century later than the time of Philippa, who died in 1369. No such change was therefore requisite, as the Queen already wore the low crown, shown in the

* History of British Costume, p. 128.

annexed effigies. Another error was—that the royal fur would be *pure miniver*, allowed only to be worn by the royal family; whereas *ermine* and *letice* were the furs forbidden, excepting for a head-dress, “to any but the royal family, and nobles possessing upwards of one thousand pounds per annum.”*

Hereafter, it may be interesting to notice more in detail the precise points of correspondence of the dress of Her Majesty with that of Queen Philippa, which the accounts of the Ball on Thursday may enable us to accomplish. Meanwhile, it is gratifying to reflect that the occasion of this magnificent display has not been one of frivolous pageantry, but of pure patriotism—the revival of our national manufactures from a state of depression into which they appear to have been thrown by political circumstances, and not by any lack of ingenuity on the part of our suffering countrymen. The object of this *fête* has been “all mankind’s concern”—*charity*,† the exercise of which pure and holy virtue is one of the brightest glories of the British diadem, and lends it a lustre even more brilliant than the victories of Cressy or Poitiers.

THE SULTAN OF MUSCAT.

THE monarch of Muscat is commonly, but erroneously, spoken of under the title of Imâm, which is a name given to Islamic priests, and when applied to a prince or chief, signifies a sovereign pontiff. Soon after the accession of the Sultan, the people were desirous of creating him Imâm, an officer whose duties include the direction and management of religious as well as temporal affairs; but he was too wise to accede to the wishes of his subjects, because it would have compelled him, according to the usage of the country, to lead a life of piety and poverty, without the power of openly enjoying his wealth.

Syed Syeed bin Sultan, the sovereign of Muscat, is one of the most distinguished princes of Asia. During a long minority, the administration of the government was confided to an Imâm, and uncle of the young monarch, who was unwilling to resign when his ward became of age; and in order to remove him out of his way, conducted him to a lonely fortress. There the young Sultan was informed by his friends that the Regent aimed at his death; and to frustrate this ambitious design, he one evening requested to see his uncle. No sooner was he in his presence than Syed Syeed stabbed him with his khunger. The Regent, wounded as he was, scaled the wall, and mounting a swift horse, fled. The friends of the young prince told him that his work was only half done, and that if his uncle escaped alive, his throne would be insecure. He at once mounted and followed his relative, whom he found stretched beneath a tree, unable to proceed, from loss of blood. He there pinned him to the ground with his spear, and hastening to a neighbouring strong-hold, knocked loudly at the gate, and called for assistance, stating that his uncle was dying, not far off. Of course the Regent was found dead. The Sultan returned to his friends, and the next day hastened to Muscat, which he reached before the news of the Regent’s death. He immediately summoned the captains of the fortresses, and when they were all present, he required that they should deliver up their respective commands to such persons as he should name, under pain of immediate death in case of refusal. He appointed successors from his own tribe, and has since observed the same policy in filling all offices in his government. In this manner he

obtained possession of the throne, in 1807, but held it as a tributary to Sahoud Abdallah, the chief of the Wahabites, until 1816. Sahoud was that year subdued, and conducted to Constantinople by the famed Ibrahim Pacha, and there publicly executed.

The Sultan is a pious Moslem, as well as a brave warrior, having made the pilgrimage to Mecca. Several years ago, when the government of British India was engaged in suppressing Arab pirates, (the Jossames,) who infested the Persian Gulf, Syed acted in alliance with the English. He is the Haroun al Raschid of his time, and is as munificent as he is brave. A few years since, he sent a line-of-battle ship, called the *Livee pool*, to Bombay, as a present to the East India Company; which being declined, he sent it to England, to King William IV. The present was accepted, and a suitable gift sent in return; and, in compliment to the Sultan, (though an awkward one,) the ship was named the Imâm.

The Sultan has two wives; the last one he wedded is a daughter of the Shah of Persia; and besides these, he has not less than twenty concubines, from Circassia, Georgia, and Abyssinia. He had, in 1838, seven sons; but the birth of a female child not being an event to rejoice at amongst the Arabs, passes without notice; wherefore the number of his daughters is unknown.

A large portion of the Sultan’s time is occupied at the Divan, in hearing petitions and administering justice in criminal cases. All litigation involving property is decided by four judges. There are no lawyers in the place, and the parties only advise and counsel with their friends. Theft is not common; but instances of personal quarrel are frequent, and are often decided upon the spot, by an appeal to the khunger, or sword. Murder is a capital offence, unless the relatives of the deceased are willing to commute the sentence for money; in which case they usually accept of 1000 dollars. Duelling is unknown; and a captain expressed his astonishment that such a silly custom should prevail amongst rational people; adding, “If a man insult you, kill him on the spot; but do not give him the opportunity to kill, as well as insult you.”—*Abridged from Dr. Ruschenberger’s Voyage round the World.*

THE GIRL AND THE FOUNTAIN.

BY THE HON. D. G. OSBORNE.

A WEEPING maid, by Cupid pained,
Chanced through her tears to see one day
A fountain, that, by winter chained,
Had ceased in sportive jets to play.

“How varied are our griefs,” she cried,
“Varied, at least, in form of woe;
For grief that fountain’s tears are dried,
For grief my tears unceasing flow.

Yet each a kindred woe appears,
The fountain mourns the summer sun;
And I am mourning in my tears
My being’s light,—the absent one!”

Months had gone by, the fountain played
All gladly in the summer light;
And near it smiled that gentle maid,
Whose tearless eyes once more were bright.

“As varied once our griefs,” she cried,
“So, vary now our joys in this—
While all my bitter tears are dried,
The fountain weeps, and both for bliss.

“Yet each a kindred joy appears,
The fountain hails the summer ray,
My summer’s love, and all my tears
Have by his lips been kissed away!”

* History of British Costume, p. 130.

† It need scarcely be added that the depressed state of the Spitalfields manufacture, and the royal desire to revive it, first suggested the late Ball.

THE VILLAGE BUDGET.

BY THE PARISH SCHOOLMASTER.

NO. III.—A LEGEND OF THE GLEN.—CHAP. II.

"The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl:
When spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves:
That time best fits the work we have in hand."

King Henry VI.

TIBBIE had guessed pretty shrewdly, when she said her son would be dancing away with the lasses Cumock at their friend's house in Glenhaw; for, as it happened, her surmise proved perfectly correct in all points. However slowly time to her seemed passing away, it certainly was the reverse to Sandy, and his fair companions. To them it flew with incredible swiftness, and in fact its rapidity was more than once the theme of great surprise; for who could have thought it was so late? Ay, who indeed? not they at least who had been enjoying themselves for hours with the greatest happiness and glee; since, amidst the healthy, happy pleasure which that gladsome meeting inspired, the last of all things to be noted was the speed of time. There "honest men and bonny lasses" were striving to forget their daily hours of toil, while enjoying a brief season of innocent diversion—for there and then it was, that

"—hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels."

And while the stars of fun and frolic were in the ascendant, many a joke and sly remark were bandied about, and all was one rich scene of festivity and joy. The happiest meeting, however, must have an end; and long after the clock had struck "the wee short hour ayont the twal," the joyous party separated, each to his or her own home. Sandy, of course, was the happy gallant of Jeanie Cumock and her sister; and though he felt the presence of the latter as a sort of restraint, and wished to have had the pleasure of escorting Jeanie alone, yet the delight of having the slightly leaning arm of his beloved resting on his, was a pleasure more than enough to make him happy. And then, there was the wind blowing every now and then pretty fiercely around them, making his fair charges cling more closely to his arm.—Oh! how he loved those fitful gusts of wind, and how happy he felt when Jeanie pressed nearer to him! It was ecstasy itself. The road they had to walk was both wild and dreary, in such a night; but little cared Sandy for wind or weather, or wild or dreary roads either; for he, being one of your true lovers, despised all trivial inconveniences; so that he might be near his sweetheart, which in itself was happiness to him. From Glenhaw to Killstane is a walk of some five miles, and though in a summer-day the thickly-wooded scenery through which the road winds, and the romantic glen through which it passes, make it a pleasant and shady walk; it must be confessed in a dark November night, with the wind howling among the creaking branches of the trees, and the darkness surrounding each object with gloom, it is anything but delightful to traverse it—but least of all, in that lone hour of night, or rather morning. It will not, therefore, excite surprise if Jeanie and her sister had some slight feelings of dread while travelling such a dismal road in such a night, even though they had such a manly protector as the redoubted Sandy Moss. However, there was no help for it; on they must get, with whatever courage they might—but at the same time, it was not without bestowing many furtive glances of dread at sundry "hillocks, stanes, an' bushes," which in the distance, seemed to assume gigantic forms, and appeared in all spectral ghastliness. On and on they went, battling with the tempest, and making but little progress; though

Sandy was both stout and courageous, and faced the storm most lustily. At length, they reached the opening of the glen, and prepared to have a vigorous race down the steep descent: for well they knew, that with the wind blowing in their faces, the climbing of the opposite hill would be a task of no small difficulty. To break in some measure the steepness of the road, it had been cut in a zigzag manner, with many turnings and windings—here, running along the very edge of a precipitous cliff, and there, disappearing behind some thicket of trees and tangled shrubs. Now, it was when they had passed some few of these windings, and were emerging from one of the most dreary of the thickets, that sounds, as if of human voices, seemed mingling with the storm, and instantly attracted their attention. Sadly alarmed, the girls fairly trembled, and anxiously besought Sandy to stop and listen ere they proceeded further. For his part, he said, it must be the wind alone, and nothing more; but proceed they would not, and stop he must. The gust of wind passed away, and was succeeded by a few moments of stillness—such as had often occurred since they commenced their journey.

"I tell'd ye it was but the wind," said Sandy, anxious to restore some courage to his trembling companions, "and ye see, I hae been richt."

The three listened for a moment, and again the sound came more clearly than before. Nor was it far distant; for now as they listened, it seemed proceeding from the bottom of the glen, from which they were removed but a few yards,—another winding of the road would have brought them to it.

"Wha can there be at this hour, and in such a place?" and the speaker clung more closely to Sandy's arm. "O come to the roadside—behind these bushes—and whae'er it is, let them pass unnoticed!" said Jeanie, pulling him and her sister with her. Scarcely had they concealed themselves, before the wind arose in its fury, and as its blast passed onward, above its howling noise they could hear a wild and piercing scream, as if from some female voice; and even amidst the noise of that storm, they could distinguish it was a cry of entreaty. A fearful imprecation was all the reply; and while Sandy was only restrained by the earnest entreaties of the trembling sisters from breaking from his place of concealment to ascertain the cause of alarm, and if need be, render his assistance, the report of fire-arms greeted their ears, followed by a loud and piercing shriek. It was the death-scream of some murdered victim. While horror froze their hearts with its icy coldness, and for a moment plunged their thoughts in unconsciousness, there was a hurried trampling of feet; and before they were well aware, or had indeed recovered their surprise, a chaise dashed past them at full gallop—the horses snorting with fury, and making sparks of fire fly from their hoofs, as they spurned the flinty road.

"Preserve us! what a fearful deed is this," said Sandy, breaking the silence of alarm into which all three were thrown. "A deed o' blackness I trow it is—but heaven will avenge it in its own good time—Come, let us go on."

Pale and trembling, they proceeded onwards. A few steps brought them to the scene of the fearful tragedy—where, starting with horror, they beheld a lady weltering in her blood. An affrighted scream was uttered at once by both sisters, while Sandy knelt down by the dying creature. Life was fast ebbing from her bosom; and, as he raised her head from off the cold stones, a stream of blood oozed from a wound in her brow, seeming to blind her fast closing eyes. Oh it was a piteous sight! and nearly drove Jeanie and her sister frantic. "What, what can be done?" they eagerly cried; "for oh! she is dying—she is dying!" Even as they cried, and while Sandy held her

bleeding head, vainly endeavouring to stanch the wound, she made an effort, as if to speak; but though her lips moved, the words seemed to choke in her throat, and her utterance failed her. At length, arousing her every energy she faintly uttered: "My husband—forgive him, just Heaven—Oh! forgive him!" and even as they gazed, a slight tremor passed over her bosom, and heaving a deep sigh, she expired.

All three stood for a time, gazing sorrowfully on the lifeless form before them, perplexed what to do, or how to act. At length, they resolved to hasten homeward, and relate the alarming tidings. With all speed, therefore, they proceeded; but scarcely had they advanced some twenty or thirty yards, before a shriek from Jeanie once more arrested their course. Eagerly did Sandy inquire the cause of this new alarm; but he was only answered by Jeanie pointing to some dark object on the road side, a short distance before them. No sooner did her sister perceive it, than she too began to tremble most violently; and since truth needs be told, it must be confessed, that Sandy also viewed it with some timidity. It was no time then, however, to allow fear to obtain the mastery over him; so calling up as much courage as he was able, he proceeded to reconnoitre the object of alarm—his terrified companions still clinging more closely to him. What with the storm and darkness, and the state of agitation into which they had been thrown by the fearful scene they had just witnessed, they were peculiarly apt to be inspired with dread; and certainly the object which now met their view was little calculated to dispel it. The darkness was too intense to allow of their perceiving clearly its form and nature, until they were quite close thereto; and in their then state of mind—so perplexed with fear and alarm—imagination too willingly lent its aid in giving it forms of ghastliness. But, as they approached nearer, those visions of phantasy were dispelled; and in the form that in vain attempted to rise, they at once recognised a man, bound hand and foot, and with his mouth gagged. Instantly cutting the cords with which he was bound, and removing the gag, Sandy assisted him to rise. It was the postillion.

"Faith, freend, ye hae dune me a guid turn the noo," said he, recovering freedom of speech and action, "an' had ye no cam bye, I dinna ken if I would e'er hae seen the mornin'."

"But how cam ye here at a'?" inquired Sandy.

"Losh, that's easy tell'd," he replied. "Ye see I was driving a gentleman an' lady, wi' their flunkie, in a chaise frae B—— to the next toon; but instead o' taking the richt road, they gart me come a byeway to Killstane, where we stopped for about an hour. Weel, when we started again, I was for driving straight on, thinkin' to get to the main-road in a wee while, but I didna get my ain will, for they ordered me to gang back the road we cam. Wunderin' what in a' the earth was to be the upshot, I did as I was bid; but had only gotten this length, when the ill-looking thief o' a servant roared out to stop; nae suner had I dune sae, than he laipt frae his seat, an' before I weel kent where I was, he nockit me frae the horse in a twinklin'. It was nae a wee nock, for faith it drave me senses frae me, an' I kenn'd nae mair till I fand mysel lying as you got me. But hae ye cam far this way, for maybe ye'll hae seen the chaise, an' how can I gang hame wantin' the horses? Faith I hae gotten into a pickle I wish I was weel out o'."

They briefly related the events which had occurred but a few minutes before, which at once horrified the postillion as it had themselves.

"I could hae sworn," he said, having walked forward, and looked upon the murdered lady, "that there was

something no richt atween them twa, for I saw the puir ledy greetin' richt sair, baith afore we got to Killstane, an' as we left it; but Heaven help us! I little thoct her end was to be sae near."

With feelings of no small dread, they then proceeded to the village, where Sandy saw the trembling girls safely to their home; and then, accompanied by the postillion, betook himself to his own.

"Gudesake, laddie! what in a' the world has kept ye sae late? an' whar hae ye been?" said his mother, opening the bolted door to his familiar knock; but no sooner did the light fall on his pale features, than her surprise was turned to alarm—the more so when she saw by whom he was accompanied. "What's wrang? speak, for Gude-sake speak!"

Giving a brief reply, he proceeded to the kitchen, where it was his turn to become surprised; for there sat his father in an arm-chair, with his head bandaged, and seemingly only aroused from a dozing slumber by the noise of his entrance. After inquiries on both sides, and having ascertained the cause of his father's bandaged head, Sandy narrated fully the occurrences of the evening in so far as he had seen or heard;—and, in the discussion which then ensued, as to what should now be done, it was resolved that Sandy himself should immediately proceed on horseback to the county town, (some fifteen miles distant) and give prompt information of the murderous deed to the proper authorities, so that instant pursuit might be given to the criminals; meanwhile, the postillion was to remain where he was. In pursuance of this resolution, no time was lost in having the landlord's grey pony saddled; and in spite of storm and darkness, which still continued with little abatement, and notwithstanding the previous exertions he had undergone that night, Sandy immediately mounted, and rode off at the pony's utmost speed.

THE POETRY OF BIRDS.

(Concluded from page 219.)

MRS. JAMESON, in her *Winter Studies and Summer Rambles*, thus notes: "I had a visit this morning from a man I must introduce to you more particularly. My friend Col. F. would have pleased me any where, but here, (Canada) he is really invaluable. Do you remember that lyric of WORDSWORTH'S, 'the Reverie of Poor Susan,' in which he describes the emotions of a servant-girl from the country, whose steps are arrested in Cheap-side by the song of a caged-bird?

'Tis a note of enchantment—what ails her? she sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves!
She looks, and her heart is in heaven!"

And how near are all human hearts allied in all natural instincts and sympathies, and what an unfeeling, universal fount of poetry are these, even in their homeliest forms! F—— told me to-day that once as he was turning down a bye street in this little town, he heard somewhere near him the song of the lark, (now, you must observe there are no larks in Canada but those which are brought from the old country.) F—— shall speak in his own words:—"So, Ma'am, when I heard the voice of the bird in the air, I look, by the natural instinct, up to the heavens, though I knew it could not be there, and then on this side and then on that; and sure enough, at last I saw the little creature perched on its sod of turf in a little cage, and there it kept trilling and warbling away, and there I stood stock-still listening with my heart. Well, I don't know what it was at all that came over me, but every thing seemed to change before my eyes; and it was in poor Ireland I was, again, a wild slip of a boy, lying on my

back on the hill-side above my mother's cabin, and watching, as I used to do, the lark soaring and singing over my head, and I straining my eye to follow her, till she melted into the blue sky—and there ma'am—would you believe it?—I stood like an old fool listening to the bird's song, lost in a dream, and there I think I could have stood till this day; and the eyes of the rough soldier filled with tears even while he laughed at himself."

There are few persons, we imagine, who have not at some period of their chequered lives—for to the most fortunate of individuals this is a state of many changes and trials—experienced somewhat of the same feeling which made the eyes of the son of Erin, above alluded to, overflow; filling his mental vision with images of home and happy boyhood, and his heart with the tenderest and most endearing associations. Few are there, and to the honour of human nature be it spoken, who have not listened with emotions of intense delight to the singing bird, and been ready to follow the advice given by an American poet:*

"And now wouldst thou, O man, delight the ear
With earth's delicious sounds, or charm the eye
With beautiful creations? then pass forth,
And find them 'midst those many-coloured birds
That fill the glowing woods. The richest hues
Lie in their splendid plumage, and their tones
Are sweeter than the music of the lute,
Or the harp's melody, or the notes that gush
So thrillingly from beauty's ruby lip."

If thou art pained with the world's noisy stir,
And crazed with its mad tumults, and weighed down
With any of the ills of human life;
If thou art sick and weak, or mourn'st the loss
Of brethren gone to that far distant land
To which we all do pass, gentle and poor,
The gayest and the gravest, all alike,—
Then turn into the peaceful woods, and hear
The thrilling music of the forest birds."

GOLDSMITH observes that "innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life, is wisdom; and nothing is useless which, by furnishing mental employment, keeps us for awhile in oblivion of those stronger appetites that lead to evil." And, there can be no question that the influence which the habit of associating the most beautiful and pleasing of earthly creatures, with those which are supposed to have their abiding places in the realms of everlasting delight, exercises over the mind, is of a good and holy tendency. We make the things which are visible and present to our mortal senses, typify those which are invisible and afar off, in order to realize as nearly as may be in this state of imperfection, the blessed promises of eternity,—to anticipate, and taste, even here, the joys of a blissful hereafter; and so "we make a ladder of our thoughts," and the birds are like the angels seen by Jacob in his dream, ascending and descending to point out the way to heaven. What lessons of constant affection and mutual tenderness are taught us by the birds, as THOMAS RAGG says:

"The earth is full of love, albeit the storms
Of passion mar its influence benign,
And drown its voice with discords. Every flower
That to the sun its heaving breast expands,
Is born of Love. And every song of birds
That floats mellifluous in the balmy air
Is but a love-note."

VINGIL thus expresses the same ideas:

"Birds in their branches hymeneals sing,
And pastured meads with bridal echoes ring."

If further confirmation of this were necessary, we could

quote the authority of SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, POPE, THOMSON, and a whole host of other poets; but it is not requisite.

Does not the quaint old chronicler STOW, assure us that "It is good for man to walk into the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice his spirits with the beauty and savour of flowers, and with the noise of birds, praising God in their kind;" and, does not another early writer, DAN LYDGATE, a true poet, and a right thinking man, tell us that in his time,

"It was a very heavenly melody

Evening and morning to hear the birds sing."

But we might go on multiplying passages to the like effect from the writings of earth's wisest and most gifted children, who have felt and owned the influence of the feathered choristers' minstrelsy upon the mind,—until our slight and rambling essay swelled into a bulky volume.

In the *Persian Tales*, a bird is mentioned which being pressed to the human heart, obliges that heart to utter truth through the lips, whether sleeping or waking: may not this be considered as a beautiful allegory illustrative of the effect produced on us by the melody of birds, in listening to which we become again as guileless children, giving vent to the truest and best emotions of the soul, those pure and gentle feelings which are rarely manifested after we have reached maturity; because we too much regard the sneers and laughter of the cold-hearted, calculating world. It is in such moments we forget our caution, and are no longer restrained by a sense of false shame from giving utterance to that which alone is faithful nature and affection. Perchance, we are fanciful in deeming that the Eastern fabulist intended to convey any such meaning, or that any such is deducible from his narrative: well, be it so; and let us share the reproach with WALTHER VON DER VOGELWEIDE, one of the most celebrated of the early Swabian Minne-singers, whose name properly translated signifies "Walter of the Bird-meadow;" he directed in his will that the birds should be yearly fed upon his grave.

"Sweet birds that fly through the fields of air,
What lessons of wisdom and truth ye bear!
Ye would teach our souls from the earth to rise,
Ye would bid us its grovelling scenes despise;
Ye would tell us that all its pursuits are vain,
That pleasure is toil—ambition is pain,
That its bliss is touched with a poisoning leaven;
Ye would teach us to fix our aim on heaven."

These fine moral lines are the commencement of a poem by C. W. THOMPSON, the whole of which we would gladly quote if space permitted; but many others who have written on the subject claim our attention. WILSON, the American Ornithologist, than whom, perhaps, a more enthusiastic lover of birds never existed, nor one who, (if we except AUDUBON and WATERTON,) underwent greater hardships in investigating their habits and characteristics—writes thus: "I sometimes smile to think that while others are immersed in deep schemes of speculation and aggrandisement, in building towns and purchasing lands, I am entranced in contemplation over the plumage of a lark, or gazing, like a despairing lover, on the lineaments of an owl. While others are hoarding up their bags of money without the power of enjoying it, I am collecting, without injuring my conscience, or wounding my peace of mind, those beautiful specimens of Nature's works, that are for ever pleasing." The same writer, in his poem on the King Bird of America, gives this admirable description of the care and tenderness manifested by birds during the period of incubation:—

"When the speckled eggs within the nest appear,
Then glows affection ardent and sincere."

No discord sours him when his mate he meets;
 But each warm heart with mutual kindness beats.
 For her repast he bears along the lea
 The bloated gadfly and the balmy bee;
 For her repose scours o'er th' adjacent farm,
 Where hawks might dart or lurking foes alarm;
 For now abroad a band of ruffians prey,
 The crow, the cuckoo, th' insidious jay;
 These in the owner's absence all destroy,
 And murder every hope and every joy.
 'Loft sits his brooding mate, her guardian he,
 Perch'd on the top of some tall neighbouring tree;
 Thence, from the thicket to the concave skies,
 His watchful eye around unceasing flies;
 Wrens, thrushes, warblers, startled at his note,
 Fly in affright the consecrated spot."

Would that a similar fear possessed the plunderer in human shape—the truant schoolboy, and the idle clown—who desolate and lay waste such scenes of peaceful love, and all to gratify an ignorant curiosity; or a desire to obtain that, the possession of which can afford them no permanent pleasure. We can forgive the man of science, whose love of investigation occasions him to become a destroyer; and he who depends for subsistence on the fowls of the air and the beasts of the forest, since all creatures were given for man's use and benefit: but we utterly abhor and abominate those who have no pressing necessities, no earnest desire for knowledge to urge them on, and who yet take delight in acts of cruelty and destruction. We are glad to observe that the practice of going "bird's nesting" is not nearly so prevalent as it was in our younger days; we believe, and rejoice in the belief, that a better feeling is making its way even in the lower ranks of society,—a feeling of humanity, and a more just appreciation of the rights, not only of our fellow-men, but of the inferior creatures also,—of all that possess instincts and capabilities of enjoyment. How finely has the "Poet of the Seasons" depicted the grief of a parent bird, on finding her nest rifled of its callow inmates!

"Oft when returning with her loaded bill,
 The astonished mother finds a vacant nest,
 By the hard hands of unrelenting clowns
 Robbed; to the ground the vain provision falls,
 Her pinions ruffle, and low drooping, scarce
 Can bear the mourner to the poplar shade."

And what an eloquent appeal he makes to our feelings for pity and forbearance! Oh, that the hand of the spoiler might be stayed and his heart softened thereby, so that he should hate himself for the wanton deed, and never more commit an act so cruel and injurious:

"Oh, then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
 Spare the soft tribes! this barbarous act forbear!
 If in your bosoms innocence can win,
 Music engage, or piety persuade."

The Editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in reviewing CLARE'S *Rural Muse*, said: "Were all that has been well written in English verse about birds to be gathered together, what a set of delightful volumes it would make! And how many, think ye—three—six—twelve? That would be indeed an aviary—the only one we can think of with pleasure, out of the hedge-rows and the woods. Tories as we are, we never see a wild bird on the wing without drinking in silence 'the cause of liberty all over the world.' We feel that it is indeed like the air we breathe—without it we die, so do they." This is a noble sentiment, worthy of the Poet and the Philanthropist, to both which characters CHRISTOPHER NORTH may well lay claim: the sympathies of his kindly heart are much too expansive to be confined within the narrow bounds of sectarian or political prejudice; and we shall never drink the above toast without coupling his name therewith, and wishing him health and prosperity.

"—No sea
 Swells like the bosom of a man set free,"—

Says WORDSWORTH; and can we doubt that a creature formed to revel in the sunshine, to wing its flight through realms of boundless space, and range without control the wide desert and the pathless forest, will content itself within the narrow compass of a cage? Must it not pine for freedom even more than man? let old GEOFFREY CHAUCER answer this question in his own quaint style, somewhat modernized it is true, to suit the prevailing taste; but, we think, none the less expressive:

"Take any bird, and put it in a cage,
 And do thy best and utmost to engage
 The bird to love it; give it meat and drink
 And every dainty housewife can bethink,
 And keep the cage as cleanly as you may,
 And let it be with gilt never so gay,—
 Yet had this bird by twenty thousand fold
 Rather be in a forest wild and cold,
 And feed on worms and such like wretchedness;
 Yea, ever will he tax his whole address
 To get out of the cage, when best he may,
 His liberty the bird desireth aye."

BEN JONSON, in one of his dramas, says:

"A secret in his mouth
 Is like a wild bird put into a cage,
 Whose door's no sooner open, but 'tis gone."

We are unwilling to conclude this ramble among the poets without paying a tribute to one, whose faithful delineation of various members of the feathered tribes, has excited our admiration, and caused us to reflect more deeply on the subject than we, perhaps, otherwise should have done. There is, we think, no more graceful and suitable employment for an intellectual female's leisure hours, than that of portraying, by means of the pencil and the brush, the natural beauties of creation; more especially birds and flowers, because these latter, from their delicacy of form, and exquisite arrangement of tints—imbued as they are with beauty, perfume, and melody—seem to bear a close affinity with the personal and mental characteristics of lovely woman,— "the Angel of Life," as Robert Montgomery very appropriately terms her. But a panegyric on the sex would be out of place here, much as we may feel inclined to write one; and we therefore return to her whose beauty, affability, and goodness gave rise to the reflections which caused our digression, and to whom we dedicate the following sonnet:—

Lady! if forms of harmony and grace,—
 Tints, such as only can Aurora show,
 When from the East she peers with blushing face,
 Or as are woven in the promise-bow,
 By which God loveth, after storms, to throw
 The halo of his goodness;—if to trace
 The loveliness, which like a stream doth flow
 Through all creation, may have power to chase
 From human breasts despondency and woe;—
 Surely the man who gazeth here will own
 The influence of the spell, and thanks bestow
 On thee, beneath whose skilful hand hath grown
 These radiant creatures, till they seem to glow
 With the warm breath of life, and motion wait alone.

H. G. A.

ANECDOTES OF CHANTREY.

THE following corrections of the Memoir lately quoted in our *Journal*, have appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

In your memoir of Chantrey, it is stated that he left Ramsey, his master, at Sheffield, but the cause was not mentioned. The fact is, Chantrey ran away, and was advertised as a run-away apprentice. It is said that Ramsey had a son whom he wished to push on in business, and

therefore did all he could to keep Chantrey back, not wishing that his son should be "second best." Chantrey could not brook this, and hence the quarrel and separation. Subsequently, when Chantrey had made some little stir in the world, Ramsey called on Chantrey in London. On his name being announced, Chantrey received his old master in words something to the effect: "*Oh, I was apprenticed with you,*" and putting his hand in his pocket, drew forth his purse, and presented Ramsey with a five-pound note, with a request, however, that he would dispense with his visits in future; no doubt excited by the remembrance of past treatment. Whether this resolution was kept, deponent sayeth not.

In the memoir it is mentioned also, that Chantrey, when a boy, used to take milk to Sheffield on an ass. To those not used to seeing and observing such things, it may be necessary to state, that the boys generally carry a good thick stick with a hooked or knobbed end, with which they belabour their asses sometimes unmercifully. On a certain day, when returning home riding on his ass, Chantrey was observed by a gentleman to be very intently engaged in cutting a stick with a penknife, and, excited by his curiosity, he asked the lad what he was doing, when, with great simplicity of manner, but with courtesy, he replied, "*I am cutting old Fox's head.*" Fox was the schoolmaster of the village. On this, the gentleman asked to see what he had done, pronounced it to be an excellent likeness, and presented the youth with *sixpence*, and this may perhaps be reckoned the first money Chantrey ever obtained for his ingenuity. What effect this incident may have had on his future destiny, let the philosophic or learned in such things divine. Of the truth of the anecdote I have no doubt.

The place of his interment is at the south-west end of the church—not the north.

In the different biographical sketches which have recently appeared of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, I do not recollect having noticed some particulars of his rise to eminence, mentioned by himself, at the Assizes at Lewes, in March, 1840, when he appeared as a witness in a cause. Having been present on that occasion, I am enabled to give you these particulars in his own words, exactly as he delivered them in court, in answer to questions from counsel.

"I came to London in 1802," said Chantrey, "and then I began to labour at sculpture. I never worked for any other sculptors; and what is more, I never had an hour's instruction from any sculptor in my life. For the next eight years I never made *5l.* in my profession; the bust that I first got my reputation from, I made for nothing; it was a bust of Horne Tooke, and it went to the exhibition in model, for neither Horne Tooke nor I could afford to make it in marble. I got 12,000*l.* worth of commissions by that bust at the exhibition, so that you see how very uncertain the rise of a sculptor is. In consequence of exhibiting that bust in plaster, I had three commissions come in, of 4000*l.* each, which makes 12,000*l.*

"At that time my charge for a bust was 100 guineas and 80 guineas, according to the sort of bust. This mode of charge continued up to 1812 or 1813, about three years I think. Then I raised my price from 120 to 150 guineas; and in 1822, I raised my price to 200 guineas; and that is my price now."

The history of Chantrey's admirable bust of Sir Walter Scott is contained in the following very interesting letter:—

"To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, Bart.

"Belgrave Place, Jan. 26, 1838.

"Dear Sir Robert,—I have much pleasure in complying with your request, to note down such facts as remain on my memory concerning the bust of Sir Walter Scott, which you

have done me the honour to place in your collection at Drayton Manor.

"My admiration of Scott, as a poet and a man, induced me, in the year 1820, to ask him to sit to me for his bust; the only time I ever recollect having asked a similar favour from any one. He agreed, and I stipulated that he should breakfast with me always before his sittings, and never come alone, nor bring more than three friends at once, and that they should all be good talkers. That he fulfilled the latter condition you may guess, when I tell you that on one occasion he came with Mr. Croker, Mr. Heber, and the late Lord Lyttleton. The marble bust, produced from these sittings, was moulded, and about forty-five casts were disposed of, among the poet's most ardent admirers. This was all I had to do with the plaster casts. The bust was pirated by Italians, and England and Scotland, and even the colonies, were supplied with unpermitted and bad casts, to the extent of thousands, in spite of the terror of an Act of Parliament.

"I made a copy in marble from this bust, for the Duke of Wellington; it was sent to Apsley House in 1827, and it is the only duplicate of my bust of Sir Walter Scott that I ever executed in marble.

"I now come to your bust of Scott. In the year 1828, I proposed to the poet to present the original marble as an heir-loom to Abbotsford, on condition that he would allow me sittings sufficient to finish another marble from the life, for my own studio. To this proposal he acceded, and the bust was sent to Abbotsford accordingly, with the following words inscribed on the back:—'This bust of Sir Walter Scott was made in 1820, by Francis Chantrey, and presented by the sculptor to the poet, as a token of esteem, in 1828.'

"In the months of May and June, in the same year, 1828, Sir Walter fulfilled his promise; and I finished, from his face, the marble bust now at Drayton Manor—a better sanctuary than my studio—else I had not parted with it. The expression is more serious than in the two former busts, and the marks of age more than eight years deeper.

"I have now, I think, stated all that is worthy of remembering about the bust, except that there need be no fear of piracy, for it has never been moulded.

"I have the honour to be, dear Sir, your very sincere and faithful servant,
F. CHANTREY."

TRAITS OF TRAVEL.

"Here a little, and there a little."

Story of Dido.—Virgil, like all the poets that aim at surpassing truth, history, and nature, has much rather injured than embellished the image of Dido. The Dido of history, widow of Sicheus, and faithful to the manes of her former spouse, causes her funeral pile to be prepared on the promontory of Carthage, and ascends it, the sublime and voluntary victim of a pure love, and of a faithfulness even unto death! This is somewhat finer, holier, and more pathetic than the cold gallantries which the Roman poet allows her with her ridiculous and pious *Æneas*, and her amorous despair, in which the reader cannot sympathise. But the *Anna Soror*, and the magnificent farewell, and the immortal imprecation, that follow, will ever plead a pardon for Virgil.—*Lamartine.*

The War in Afghanistan.—Should the services of Persian troops be available in our present struggle with the Afghans, great advantage will result from the acquaintance of the Persians with our language; for, until lately, the words of command were given to the Persian artillery in English. They are, however, sadly disciplined troops; for a Persian officer, in order to check the desertion of his regiment, which was starving for want of rations, has been known to have several soldiers smeared with naphtha, and burnt alive!

Cockneyism.—A servant, in Georgia, being asked from what part of England he came, replied—"why, Sir, I was born in Covent Garden, but, I have always lived in the Haymarket."

Short and Sweet.—The common grace said before meals in Armenia is "*Bismillah,*" (in the name of God,) after which the company fall to.

Armenian Tombstones.—Like those in Switzerland, are ornamented with emblems of the trade or calling of him whose ashes repose beneath.

The Afghans may still prove our formidable enemies; for, Capt. Wilbraham states that their science and dashing bravery would surprise those who know the people only by name.

Shawls.—The tailors of Benares can, with invisible stitches, repair a rent in superb shawls, which are then sold to inexperienced purchasers, for new ones fresh from the looms of Thibet.

Legend of Ararat.—The Armenians relate that a large city existed on the spot where Mount Ararat now stands; that the inhabitants were so buried in sin that the Almighty caused three mountains to move from the east, the north, and the south, and suspended them above the devoted city. The inhabitants, however, were so blind to their impending ruin, that they mistook the dark mass which hung above their heads, for a thunder-cloud, and destruction came upon them unawares. Subterranean passages are said to exist beneath the mountain, by which some daring adventurers have succeeded in penetrating into the heart of the buried city.—*Capt. Wilbraham.*

Out-door Business.—At Benares, even the banker sits in the street, behind a pile of cowries, with bags of silver and copper at his elbow.

Grave-yards are the usual promenade of an eastern city, and here the people pass high-days and festivals. The English seem to be imitating the Orientals in this respect; for the new Cemeteries round London are beginning to be nearly as much frequented on Sundays and holidays, as tea-gardens were formerly. The Kensal Green ground, from its being most thickly peopled with the dead, takes precedence in attractions for the living, and the Sunday crowds here are somewhat too gaily inclined for the place; which, by the way, is enlivened by its contiguity to two lines of railway. The Highgate Cemetery is more picturesque than any other suburban ground, and is much frequented. That at Norwood appears to be but little known; and the tombs in the Earl's Court-ground, at Old Brompton, are few and far between. The Abney Park ground, we fear, will scarcely be more popular than the new Cattle Market; though its fine old timber trees render it more picturesque than the majority of the new cemeteries. All the silly prejudice against planting graves with shrubs and flowers has disappeared; and the Londoners indulge their grief in this way almost as freely as do the good Catholics of Paris. The epitaphs have improved in "the march of intellect."

A Persian Tragedy commonly takes ten days in performance; one act being represented on each day.

Large Family.—Fateh Ali Shah had so many sons, that only his head buffoon could repeat the names of them all.

An Illustration.—Capt. Wilbraham inquiring of one of the Jholams at Tehran, whether an account which one of the king's couriers had just related, was likely to be true—"Oh, no," answered the man, "you must not believe a word of it. A courier must have something to tell by the way. You should hear what lies I tell when I am travelling."

"So very precise."—The manners of the Persian boys are far beyond their age; for a youngster, of ten or twelve, in the absence of his father, will receive and entertain his guests with all the tact and dignity of a courtier.

Impromptu Dinner.—My servant, says Capt. Wilbraham, (in Armenia), had noticed an eagle hovering over a little mound near the road-side, and on approaching the spot, perceived a hare seated in the snow: he succeeded in killing her with his heavy Tartar whip, and while our horses were being fed, he served me up a savoury mess.

Carriages.—One of the sons of Abbas Mirza inquired of a British officer whether the King of England had such a carriage as that, pointing to an old cab belonging to the Russian ambassador; and on being answered in the negative, appeared perfectly satisfied that no one but his royal brother could boast of so splendid a vehicle. In Persia, by the way, wheel carriages are not used, and the only roads are cattle-tracks.

Tectotalism.—Some of the Persians are rigid tectotalers, for they cannot live without the sight of water: they will sit from morning till night beside some sparkling stream; or, if there be not one in the vicinity, on the margin of an artificial tank; but water they must see!

Persian Pipe.—The Persian mode of smoking, with the Kalioun, or water-pipe, has been approved of by almost every European who has resided in the country. The delicate flavour of the Shiraz tobacco, after passing through the water is grateful to the taste; and the Kalioun has the great advantage of not impregnating your dress and furniture with the sickening fumes of tobacco. Nor is the Kalioun so great a promoter of idleness, as the Turkish chibouque, or the German meerschaum, since it is brought in at intervals, and only half-a-dozen mouthfuls inhaled at a time.

Wine.—A pinch of the arm is a sort of masonic sign that wine is to be had in Armenia; but it is not worth having, and Xenophon's mention of "old wines exceeding fragrant" to be had here, is about as applicable to the tipple of the present day as the "Choice Wines" of some English taverns. It is curious that the "malt-liquor," in earthen jars, of which Xenophon also speaks, cannot be traced in modern Armenia, which, in other respects has little altered for 2000 years past.

Ambition's Catching.—The expedition of the Shah of Persia against Herat is attributed to his having read a translation of Bourrienne's *Life of Napoleon*, and thus become athirst for conquest.

Expensive Quarters.—When Capt. Wilbraham was travelling on the shores of the Caspian, he took up his quarters in the empty palace of Prince Artaxerxes, in a lofty hall, with unglazed window-frames. Large trays of sour oranges, sufficient to have supplied half the theatres of London, were brought in by the Prince's retainers, in hope of a present; and the traveller's wretched accommodation bade fair to cost him more than the most expensive hotel of Paris or London.

Curious Coincidence.—Capt. Wilbraham, when rambling on the shores of the Caspian, stumbled upon a picturesque ruin almost hidden in a wood. It reminded him of Kenilworth, a building, probably, of the same century; for Shah Abbas, (whose palace this had been,) was contemporary with Elizabeth.

Light.—The seed of the castor-oil plant, bruised between stone rollers, is universally used in some parts of Armenia, for lighting the dwellings of the poor.

Indian Costume.—A Benares turban of velvet looks like a cluster of precious stones; and a handsome well-proportioned native, attired in a vest and trowsers of crimson and gold brocade, a cummerbund composed of a Cashmere shawl, wound round his waist, a second shawl thrown over one shoulder, and the belt of his scimitar and the studs of his robe sparkling with diamonds, may challenge the world to produce a more tasteful and magnificent costume.—*Miss Roberts.*

Conceit.—The Grand Vizier of Persia must be a grand ass; for, on hearing some one praise the generalship of Napoleon, he tartly asked: "Napoleon! whose dog was Napoleon?" Certainly, one who had two dogs.

A Night's Rest.—Capt. Wilbraham, when at a village in Armenia, was crowded into a stable for the night, which resembled Noah's ark. Children were squalling the whole night through, and two young buffaloes walked over the Captain in the dark! We had such a night of disquiet, a few years since, upon a walk across Hampshire: the village inn was "full," and we were compelled to seek rest in a cottage, where our bed-room partition was only two-thirds of the entire height of the apartment: our neighbour snored most lustily, a child in the house had the whooping-cough, and the father rose at day-break, and killed a pig just under our window!

The Sea.—There is a voice of home to the ear of an Englishman in the hoarse murmur of the waves; and few there are to whom the sight of the sea does not recall the memory of many a happy hour.—*Capt. Wilbraham.*

GUSTAVUS III.

OPENING OF THE CHESTS BEQUEATHED BY THE KING TO
THE UNIVERSITY OF UPSALA.

At page 124 of the *London Saturday Journal*, we related the circumstances of the assassination of Gustavus III., and referred to the king's strict injunction that the opening of the chest, (or rather two chests,) in which his papers were deposited, should be delayed for 50 years. This injunction has been strictly kept: on the 29th ult. the chests were accordingly opened; and the following details of the event have been communicated to the *Times* :—

At 11 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, the commission appointed for the purpose, consisting of the Vice-Chancellor, Rector, and Professors of the University of Upsala, together with M. Sürte, the governor of the province, assembled in the consistorium, and there opened a box containing the keys of the two chests; along with these were found the following autograph instructions of King Gustavus respecting his bequest, which will be found to give a general view of the contents of the chests :—

"In giving my papers to the library of the University of Upsala, I think I am saving from destruction many curious and interesting anecdotes of my reign, which must otherwise have remained secret, since the respect due to living personages would have forced me to destroy papers which might cause them vexation, but which after the lapse of 50 years can hurt no one, though they will throw much additional light on the history of the time. These papers are of various kinds—partly letters, partly memoirs, partly trifles, partly projects handed in to me; many regard court festivities in my youth and the beginning of my reign, invented, some by myself, some by my family and others about the court; but which serve to show the taste and manner of life at the time. There are also letters from foreign sovereigns, and from ladies with whom I became acquainted while abroad; of these in particular there are a great many written by three clever and noble Frenchwomen—namely, Armande Septimannier de Richillieu, Countess d'Egmon, daughter of the famous Marshal Duke de Richillieu, who relieved Genoa and took Mahon, one of the most polished gentlemen of the courts of Loundvich the 14th, 15th, and 16th; her mother was a princess of the house of Lorraine, and she herself was married to the Comte d'Egmon, grandee of Spain; she died in the autumn of 1773. The second is Henriette de Sanchon de Boufleers, known for her talents, her learning, for the friendship of the late Prince de Conti, and for having been the first Frenchwoman who crossed over to England after the peace in 1763. The third is N. N. de Noaille Comtesse de la Marque, daughter of the old Maréchal de Noaille, who commanded the French armies under Loundvich XIV. and Loundvich XV., and who won the battle of Denia. She is widow of the last Count de la Marque, son of him who was ambassador at the court of King Charles XII. The title of the Count de la Marque has been brought by his daughter by his first marriage into the house of Aremburg. From these ladies are most of the letters. All these papers lie in the greatest disorder; but almost all those from my youth up to 1780, are placed in the black trunk which is at the bottom of the chest. In this are the letters of my blessed father, those written to the Queen Dowager from my family, those from the Kings of France, Loundvich XV., XVI.; from the Kings of Prussia and Spain, &c., together with many papers concerning the revolution; letters R. R. Count Carl Scheffer, in answer to those written by me to him, which originals were returned to me, after the Count Scheffer's death, by High Marshal Count Carl Bonde, and which are to be found in a separate enclosure in the great chest.

"When these papers are opened, 50 years after my death, it is my will that the University find some learned man, well known for his taste and love of history, to arrange, bind, and preserve them, along with the Palmschöld collections in a dry room in the library. Should any one desire to write memoirs of my life, or cause anything to be printed which may be thought curious, I should regard his purpose with pleasure. In the mean time I leave the University a new

pledge of the love I have ever borne to that institution which I directed during my youth, and which now, during the minority of my son, I have taken still most closely to my regard. I wish that my successors on the Swedish throne may ever cherish the same affection for a foundation so useful and so honourable for the realm.

"GUSTAF.

"Palace of Stockholm, June 23, 1788."

From the consistorium the committee proceeded to the Gustavianum, (or part of the old library,) in which the chests were preserved, where they were met by the rest of the University authorities, and the guests invited to attend; soon after the doors were thrown open, and as many of the students and the public as could find room were admitted. The two chests were fastened and riveted to the wall by a heavy iron chain, so that a smith was necessary to commence the proceedings; after his labours were ended, the smaller chest was lifted off the greater one, and this latter was opened first; its contents were as follow :—

A—GREAT CHEST.

No. 1. A large bag sealed with the King's signet, bearing the following inscription :—"Papers sealed up on my departure for Italy, in September, 1783; all papers marked with a cross +, or inscribed Freemason Papers, must not be opened by any other than the reigning king of my family.—Stockholm, June 28, 1788, Gustaf," and containing several enclosures; besides "Paper Envelopes" and "Linen Bags," the subjects of which are scarcely interesting enough for enumeration.

B—THE SMALLER CHEST.

Containing only a checked linen bag, with various unsealed papers and letters; among which were observed the King's original sketch for the opera of *Gustaf Wasa*, and the prologue, in French.

From the above list, it would seem that the world has been cheating itself for the last fifty years with the expectation, that on the opening of these chests something would transpire as to the secret springs of the conspiracy by which Gustavus III. lost his life. Side by side with this expectation, a confused but very general report had sprung up, that a certain high personage, not content to wait half a century, had anticipated the stipulated time, and made a judicious selection from the contents of the chests, prior to their being given over to the custody of the University. The apparent result of the investigations of the 29th ult. has not at all diminished this report. On the contrary, it has passed into belief, and those who a week or two back only doubted, are now sure, that the Duke of Sudermania, when Regent, took care to abstract every thing criminatory to himself from among the papers in question. Without attempting to decide on a question which seems likely to remain an historical riddle for ever, it may be remarked, that as far as the autograph instructions of the King go, (see above,) it does not appear that we have any good cause to expect to find any papers of a date later than 1788, when the bequest was made, and the instructions signed; and though the King, on receiving his mortal wound, four years afterwards, may have added to the papers before enclosed in the chests, during his sufferings, which were prolonged above ten days, yet, in the absence of any positive proof that such was the case, we are hardly justified in branding the memory of King Charles XIII. with so foul an imputation as is implied in the abstraction of these papers, since, if this be taken for granted, it seems impossible to acquit him of being accessory to the murder of his brother.

There is besides a curious circumstance connected with the matter, and which has given great occasion to the papers of the Opposition to blaspheme those words—namely, "All papers marked with a cross, or inscribed Freemason papers, must not be opened by any other than the reigning king of my family." A singular instance of the vanity of human provisions. The family of Wasa are vagabonds on the earth, exiled from the land which their great ancestor raised out of the dust, fallen from his throne, because they had forgotten how to govern, and their place is filled by a child of the French revolution—a practical example of the great truth hid under the madness of that event, "*La carrière ouverte aux talens*;" for, though without his talents given free scope

when the bonds of all society were burst by the French revolution, Bernadotte would hardly have emerged from the south of France to become a great General, still it was little else than a fortuitous combination of circumstances which raised the French Marshal to the Swedish throne, an elevation, on the other hand, which his talents alone enabled him to keep. But to return,—many go so far as to say that these papers must be handed over to the Prince Wasa, as the lineal descendant of Gustavus; but prince or no prince, one thing is certain, he is not, nor never was, "the reigning king" of the Wasa family, and therefore cannot be the person pointed out in the instructions. Others, in despair, say the papers must be kept close sealed for ever—a long time. But it is not to be doubted that the Government, if so inclined, might fairly exercise a right which few perhaps would deny it to have, and settle the case of casuistry at once, by breaking the seals, much in the same way as Alexander treated the unmanageable Gordian knot; thus proclaiming, once for all, that the reigning family has not only succeeded to all the rights actually possessed by the former dynasty, but to those also which, fifty years back, it fancied it would possess at the present time.

There is one other thing to be said before this notice, already too long, is closed. No reader can have failed to wonder at the marvellous spelling of the French words in the King's instructions; but this astonishment will surely be increased when we say, that the whole Swedish document is as anomalous, both in construction and orthography, as the French with which it is so strangely relieved—another proof, if any were needed, that a man, not to say a king, may enjoy the reputation of a great author, without even knowing how to spell.

New Books.

A HAND-BOOK FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

THIS very elegant manual is from the pen of "Felix Summerly," whose *Hand-book for Holidays* has, inadvertently, perhaps, afforded our readers some amusement. But the present work, we should explain, is altogether a very superior production to the shilling *brochure* lately under our notice. With an illuminated cover, (the arcades in the Chapter-house, at Westminster, as originally decorated,) fifty-six embellishments on wood, engraved by ladies, and four etchings by David Cox, jun.—we do not hesitate to pronounce this volume the most tasteful book of its class. It is very nicely executed by the Messrs. Vizetelly, whose skill in ornamental printing sustains the well-earned reputation of their ingenious father: it is rarely that such talent descends from sire to son, and to mark this example of it is with us a most agreeable duty.

First, as to the ladye *artistes*: the title-page, a very pleasing composition, is drawn by Lady Callcott, and engraved by Miss E. H. Thompson; the reputed statue of St. John, said to be one of the oldest in the Abbey, and never before copied, is here drawn by Lady Palgrave's artistic pencil; the other *artistes* are twenty-one in number: and, to the author of this little book is due the merit of having suggested, we think in the *Westminster Review*, four years ago, that wood engraving might prove one of the few employments not degrading to his fair countrywomen. Since that time, the ladye-professors of this delicate art have increased at least six-fold; and the experiment has so far succeeded, as to have induced the Government School of Design to contemplate the formation of a class, for the instruction of female pupils in the art. This circumstance invests the present *Hand-book* with considerable interest as regards its embellishments; and though it may be thought partial in us to particularise individual success, we must point out as of superior execution, the North Cloister, p. 33, drawn by Miss

Webster, sister of the A.R.A.; the Chapter-house entrance, p. 36; statue in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, p. 66; screen of St. Edmund's chapel, p. 75; St. Paul's chapel, p. 93; St. John's, p. 96, 97; Sir F. Vere's monument, p. 100, very spirited, though slight; St. Edward's Shrine, p. 109; and the sculpture, at p. 112. All these are strikingly characteristic: gallantry apart, the ladies have here beat the "stronger sex;" for the four etchings are by far the least meritorious of all the illustrations; the chapel of Henry VII. is a sad failure, and must have made friend Summerly, who is a lively, sensitive person, the reverse of his cognomen—very *infelix*.

The letter-press is cleverly arranged: we have not the "history," with which the Pictures of London are over-crammed; but in its place a very brief though satisfactory sketch, and then some clever observations upon the best exterior views, as,

"Ask any of our great painters—Callcott, Roberts, Turner, Stanfield—where the best views of the Abbey are to be seen, and without doubt, they will refer you to some part—Tothill Street, on the west; King street, on the north; or College Street, on the south—where a modern street-builder would say the Abbey was smothered with buildings. About 200 yards down Tothill Street are two very fine views of the Abbey. On the south side of the street, the full western front; on the north side one of the towers, with the profile of the north transept, forming a distance in fine atmospheric colouring, against picturesque gables of near houses, still fortunately standing." (Oh, spare them!) "In hazy sublimity, not less picturesque, does the full front of the north transept appear at a few paces down King Street. Those who regard first impressions should prefer King Street before Parliament Street, (it is in a parallel line,) in wending their footsteps to the Abbey from Charing Cross. How fine the sight must have been through the old footway, which stood at the end of King Street! No satisfactory view of the Abbey can be obtained from any point in the large open space between Palace Yard and the Westminster Hospital; and yet this space, within the memory of many, was opened expressly to show the Abbey to advantage, and the 'handsome ancient houses,' spoken of by Sir Christopher Wren as close to the north side, thrown down, a mistake no one who felt the spirit of pointed architecture could have committed." (Unfortunately, Wren did not.) "Distant peeps of the Abbey towers, springing lightly above the trees, may be caught on the rising ground of the Green Park, and from the bridge over the Serpentine; and the superior elevation of the whole Abbey is seen with great effect from the hills about Wandsworth and Wimbledon."

We regret, with the author, that the restorations by Mr. Blore do not proceed more rapidly; for, actually, one restored buttress loses its colour before its neighbour is completed. The stone employed in some parts is poor friable stuff, soon acted upon by our *acidified* London atmosphere. Wren's western towers are next criticised; the best that can be said of them is that they are most attractive at a distance, when their incongruous details are imperceptible. Yet, how many hundred visitors regard these towers as the beauties of the Abbey fabric. Here we may mention that Felix Summerly's object is to point out what the show-folk know nothing of—the artistical merits of the structure—as its architecture and architectonic sculpture. We are delighted with his appreciation of the old grey south cloisters:

"There is little here, save a few sheep sometimes browsing on the grassy area, to break the charm of solitude: associations of old monastic life rise in rapid succession, and undisturbedly. Every angle offers a picture so gloomy and mystic, that Rembrandt himself would be in extacies with it, and words feebly translate the emotions here suggested. The graceful spring of the groined arches in this and in a similar quadrangle adjoining, mark them as belonging to the latter part of the fourteenth century."

We have occasionally strolled into these cloisters; and, independently of the attractive memorials of men of genius, who lie sleeping here, we have found it a welcome retreat from the turmoil of the living, more especially in summer, when its coolness serves as a *frigidarium* to the over-heated streets in the neighbourhood. Abbot Lidington's Hall, temp. Richard II. is now used as the dining hall of the Westminster scholars:

"A circular stone hearth, in the centre of the hall, is piled with blazing fagots daily, at the hour of dinner. The light flashes upon the rafters, and the volumes of smoke find egress through the lantern or chimney in the roof, similar to that seen piercing the unrivalled roof of Westminster Hall. This dining-hall is one of the few places in England, probably the only one in London, where the ancient mode of heating is retained."

Still, the application of "chimney" to a lantern is incorrect; since it conveys the idea of a confined passage for the smoke to the roof to escape, such as we rarely find even in the halls of three centuries later.

The public records, and other curiosities in the Chapter-house, are glanced at; and we agree with the author, that our national monuments would form a most interesting exhibition, especially as our records are "the most extensive and perfect series in all Europe." The remains of paintings on the walls here are very curious; and the colouring and gilding of the arcades and mural ornaments above them, furnish excellent authority for the employment of colours in Gothic architecture, such as we hope to see used in the new Houses of Parliament. Sir Christopher Wren is next rescued from the blame for spoiling this once beautiful building, hitherto attached to him; for its fine old groined roof was removed by some "Goths," about 1744.

The criticism on the tombs is clever and impartial: those erected in the last two centuries are, indeed, ill suited to the holy place, and their self-glorification is very objectionable. It is, therefore, quite a mistake to suppose these tombs, (many of them contemptible as works of art,) to be worthy of illustration, merely because they commemorate great men; for that circumstance renders them even less interesting. The ancient tombs are venerable objects,* but the moderns do not seem to understand anything beyond their common-place earth and working-day world. The author properly asks, "does it not seem like profanity, that in God's house, the orator, the warrior, the actor, should each be exhibiting himself in the appropriate attitude of his calling, in self-glory?" We say, yes; but this is characteristic of a matter-of-fact, unpoetic age, like the present.

The objection to the black and white marble floor is in good taste, and Dr. Busby almost deserved to be flogged with his own birch for this bequest—a barbarism in a Gothic structure. A little more information on the stained glass would have been acceptable; for we scarcely think, with the author, that "every eye must detect the inferiority of depth and lustre between the ancient and modern colours." Indeed, many purchasers of this *Hand-book*, at six shillings, will be found unacquainted with the distinction; and living painters assure us that they can

* Flaxman refers to them as "specimens of the magnificence of such works of their age; the loftiness of the work, the number of arches and pinnacles, the lightness of the spires, the richness and profusion of foliage and crockets, the solemn repose of the principal statue, representing the deceased in his last prayer for mercy, at the throne of grace; the delicacy of thought in the group of angels bearing the soul, and the tender sentiment of concern variously expressed in the relations, ranged in order round the basement, forcibly arrest the attention, and carry the thoughts not only to other ages, but other states of existence." This is masterly criticism.

equal the ancient colours, "ruby red" and all; we should think the question to be only settled by time, so that the reputed excellence, if thus it turn out, will be a legacy to posterity.

The mention of the monument of Francis Holles, an Irishman in Roman armour, to whose figure Walpole attributed "the most antique simplicity and beauty," reminds us that the collector of Strawberry Hill is a very unsafe authority upon sculpture; on antique furniture, china, and relics of the great, he may be more orthodox. The abbey-fees are much reduced: the entrance-money to the chapels you *pay down on the tomb of Henry the Third's children!* Would it not be more appropriate to put it into a till, or a breeches-pocket, than post it upon a princely monument? This almost equals "the tables of the money-changers," and is strangely indecent.

At page 79, it is mentioned, that the canopy of John of Eltham's monument is in the collection at Strawberry Hill, and that it would be a gracious act in the Earl of Waldegrave to restore it to its proper place. We hope the hint will be taken, and the lot withdrawn from the current sale, unless the dean and chapter can afford to purchase it with their reduced fees. At page 82 is noticed an odd jumble: in St. Nicholas's Chapel, the brass effigies of the Bishop of Durham having been long since removed, the figure of Lady Catherine St. John has been laid upon the bishop's tomb in its place. This is far less ingenious than the cunning sexton changing the coffin-plates, and affixing them to the soundest coffins, the better to gratify a party of relatives of the defunct about to visit the vault!

Henry the Seventh's Chapel is neatly described: we perfectly agree with the author, that the banners of the Knights of the Bath—the stage properties of chivalry—ought not to obscure, as they do, the sculptured angels, "the work most likely of English artists." We read with regret also, that the exterior of this chapel, the restoration of which cost £42,028, is already beginning to decay, and that "fragments of the canopies are constantly peeling off, so that the modern work, in fifty years, will probably be as ruinous as the original fabric was after three centuries." This is, doubtless, owing to the use of defective stone; but how short-sighted are the architects who employ such fragile material, by which their labours do not last their own time! they do not take a life-interest in their works. It is worth mentioning that the monuments of Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, in this chapel, are instanced as specimens of the cinque-cento style, by Mr. Hope, a good authority upon this branch of art: the tombs in St. Paul's chapel, too, show the picturesque magnificence of the cinque-cento, "with its mixture of all orders, obelisks, arches, scrolls, variegated marbles, gilding, and colour." The objection to Chantrey's Grecianized statue of James Watt is very spirited: hiding "the sculptures on Henry the Fifth's chantry, which reminded Flaxman of the simple grandeur of Raphael," with this intrusion of Watt's statue, is indeed symbolical "of the power now in active antagonism to art and beauty;" but we despair of its removal to St. Paul's cathedral, as our author suggests.

The criticism on Roubiliac's monument to Lady Nightingale is well supported; the whole conception of Death emerging from the tomb as a skeleton is, as the writer considers, vulgar and undramatic, and altogether unworthy of the sculptor's art: it should be left to the horn-books of superstition, and such pictorial vulgarities as "Death and the Lady;" why, it is almost banished from our stage mechanism, or never appears but it excites ridicule. The condition of the Confessor's Chapel is thus graphically told:—

"The desolation of this chapel, where, on all sides, the

illustrious dead are slumbering in their sepulchres, reads an awful lesson on mutability. The shrine, before which the highest and the lowest bowed lowly and reverently for centuries, is now neglected by all but a few Roman Catholics, who in early morning frequent the south transept to catch a glimpse of it. Its recesses, once resplendent with jewelled images, now hold but broken galleys and drawing-boards of the artist. Side by side with the ancient chair in which all our sovereigns have been anointed, from Edward the Second to our present Queen, you may chance to meet with a dilapidated rush-bottom chair, used by students of the picturesque here. The ruins of Abbot Ware's Mosaic pavement are rendered more desolate than ever, by cruel patches of red tiles of the rudest sort. A cumbrous old table occupies the room of the ancient altar."

It is truly said that "a whole morning may be well spent in examination of the details of the chantry of Henry the Fifth," the most decorated work in the Abbey, next to Henry the Seventh's Chapel. "It is now filled with dusty models of Wren's churches, and its only relics of the Hero of Agincourt, are a helmet, shield, and saddle, traditionally assigned as his." Next is noticed the removal of the ornamented iron gates, "the work of Roger Johnson, smith, of London, 1431, as we learn from the patent rolls." Since these have been removed within the memory of many persons, their restoration would be an easy matter. Henry's tomb has been wantonly despoiled, but Oliver Cromwell did not steal his silver head, as generally stated. It was not allowed to remain there till Cromwell's time, for Howes's Chronicle distinctly tells us, that in the reign of Henry the Eighth, "the king's (Henry V.) image, being of massie silver, was broken off, and conveyed cleane away;" probably, by some huckstering broker, which class of persons must have had a rich harvest among the honest thieves and grand scramblers in that age of spoliation. But the Protector has a legion of sins of this stamp to answer for, from which no "chronicle" can clear him.

The frieze of the Confessor's screen is very nicely engraved, together with the shrine and some of its jewels, from an inventory on the patent rolls, never before printed: the rubies, emeralds, sapphires, garnets, onyxes, and pearls, are very numerous; and there were fifty-five large cameos, probably antiques. Pietro Cavilini is said to have been the artist of this shrine; though, his biography shows him to have been but nine years of age when it was completed. "We believe," says the *Hand-book*, "that the elucidation of the doubts which hang over the several works of art in this chapel, might be easily found in our national archives."

The Appendix is in itself a guide-book: it contains a chronological table of the architecture; general admeasurements; ancient canopies, brasses, paintings, glass, mosaics, sculptures, and images; and a list of the monuments, and their sculptors' names. In short, the utmost diligence has been used in assembling and arranging dates and details, in this division of the *Hand-book*, as well as in the historical, descriptive, and critical portion which precedes it; and the result is a complete *Guide*, in accordance with the advanced taste and demand of the day. Such a work was much wanted; for Westminster Abbey is not only our most celebrated edifice, but almost equally famed throughout the civilised world. St. Paul's Cathedral is a showy creation of yesterday, of pagan taste, in comparison with the ancient minster of six centuries since, and its admirable Christian architecture; its sculptured tombs, hallowed with "the divinity that doth hedge a king;" and its sumptuousness and brilliancy of decoration that time has partially spared, as if to remind us of the injustice of the term "dark ages," to the epoch at which such works of consummate art were executed.

Varieties.

A Broad Hint.—When Captain Basil Hall and his party landed on the coast of Corea, their visit was not relished by the natives. One man, in particular, expressed the general wish for their departure, by holding up a piece of paper, like a sail, and then blowing upon it in the direction of the wind, at the same time pointing to the ships; thereby denoting that the wind was fair, and that the visitors had only to set sail and leave the island. This is even plainer than the vulgar English hint—"When shall I see you again?"

Drunkenness is more common in Tripoli than even in most towns in England. There are public wine-houses, at the doors of which the Moors sit and drink without any scruple; and the Saldanah, or place of guard, is seldom without a few drunkards. The better sort of people generally drink very hard; their favourite beverage is rosolia, an Italian cordial; and it is not uncommon for visitors, when making calls, to give unequivocal hints that a little rum would be well received.—*Capt. Lyon.*

Coincident Superstition.—A knife is, in England, an unlucky present, and a pair of scissors is equally *mal-a-propos*. It is remarkable that no Arab will take a knife or scissors from the hands of any one, as it is considered very unlucky; but they require that the instrument should be first laid on the ground, whence they readily take it up without fear.

Respect for the Dead.—In Northern Africa, it is customary for the relations of the deceased to visit, and occasionally to recite a prayer over the grave, or to repeat a verse of the Koran. Children never pass within sight of the tombs of their parents without stopping to pay this grateful tribute of respect to their memory.—*Capt. Lyon.*

Cats.—Mr. Campbell, when at Algiers, on inquiring for a cat to drive away the rats, was told there was no keeping one in the camp of Douera. "Why not?" "Because the French soldiers steal them." "And what do they do with them?"

"Why, it is alleged that they make pies and soups of them!" *High Feeding.*—A delicate and lady-like woman told Mr. Campbell, when at Oran, that she had once eaten a bit of lion's flesh, and that it tasted like very good veal; she had also, she said, once half dined off a roasted jackal, which was very like venison, and more savoury than mutton. A lion's tongue is, in flavour, like that of an ox.

Smoking.—Staunton tells us, there is no record of tobacco having been introduced into China, and we are informed that the Portuguese met with it on their first visit to Java. It is now used throughout Asia, Africa, and America, and in a great part of Europe. If it were truly indigenous to America alone, it has spread over the world with an astounding rapidity, for its use is now more general than that of tea. We know that tobacco was first introduced into Europe from America; but it was probably known in Asia long before the voyages of Columbus were undertaken. If smoking cigars be a sin—God help the wicked. The Mexicans are almost born with a Guayaquil in their mouth; and, a little girl only three years old may be seen smoking one at least four inches long, and apparently with gusto.

Honesty is the best Policy.—How many Christians practise the converse doctrine—that policy is the best honesty.—*Campbell.*

French-English.—"What has become of your famous general Eel?" said the Count d'Erleon to Mr. Campbell. "Eel, I thought to myself, that is a military fish I never heard of;" but Mr. St. John at once enlightened my mind by saying to the Count, "General Lord Hill is now commander-in-chief of the British forces."

* * * "The Armourer of Paris," to be concluded in our next.

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